

# Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



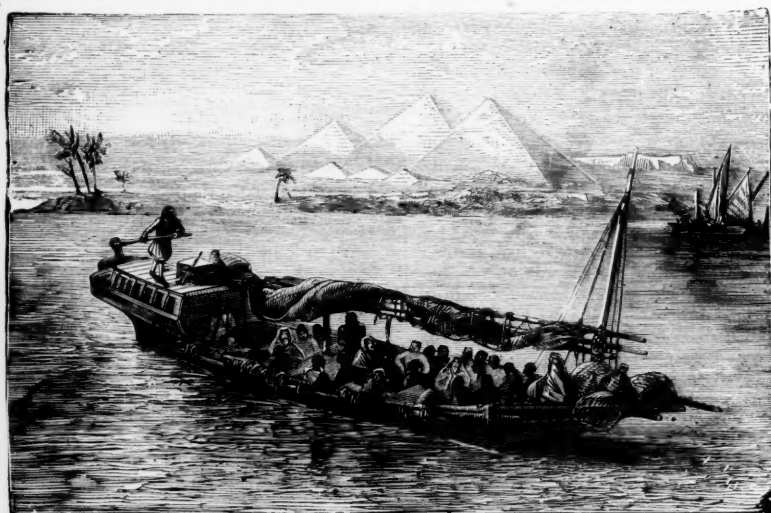
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 20.

Boston, August, 1887.

No. 3.



THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

## EGYPT AND THE NILE.

BY MARY E. TOUSEY.

Egypt is very old and renowned. It has been making history for more than four thousand years. Its ancient kings, beautiful cities, grand old ruins, marvelous pyramids and sacred river are all objects of interest. It has been the scene of great events and the home of many notable people. In sacred history we read of Abraham's visit to Egypt, of Joseph's life there and his romantic meeting with his brethren and father, and also of Moses and the children of Israel. Later we learn of the "golden age," and of Rameses the Great who made Thebes the beautiful city that it was. Then in 332 before Christ, Alexander the Great founded the city of Alexandria, which was for a long time the capital, and the home of the Ptolemies. During the reign

of these kings magnificent houses and temples were built as well as the great light-house. The famous library was also collected at this time.

The Pyramids are probably the oldest monuments in the world. From the little that can be learned about them, it is believed that they were built about 2120 years before Christ. From Cairo, for a distance of twenty miles up the Nile, there are many groups of pyramids.

A little south of Cairo stand the three great Pyramids of El-Geezeh, one of which is larger than any other. This enduring monument stands, defying time, storms and all man's endeavors to learn its history. It covers eleven acres of ground and is nearly five hundred feet high, and each of its four sides measures one seventh of a mile. It is almost wholly solid, containing only a few passage-ways and chambers.

Evidently the sides of the Pyramid were originally smooth and polished, but now they are rough and the corners of the stones form steep stairs which travelers often ascend. The summit is thirty-two feet square and the view from it beautiful. On one side the barren desert, and on the other the fertile valley of the Nile.

The great natural feature of Egypt is the Nile; the principal branch — the White Nile — having its source in great lakes up in the snowy mountains far south, called from their whiteness by Ptolemy, the "Mountains of the Moon." It flows northward and reaches the Mediterranean by two mouths, one at Rosetta and one at Damietta, forming a large delta, in the northern part of which, called the "Land of Goshen," Jacob and his family lived. The river flows from near the Equator, and drains large tropical regions which are abundantly watered by rains.

The cause of the yearly overflow was a mystery to the ancients, but it is now known to be produced by the rains in the tropics and the melting snow from the mountains. This annual overflow transforms a desert into a wide spreading sea, with cities rising like islands out of it, and is the cause of Egypt's fertile fields and rich harvests. Canals are made in the banks to carry the water farther into the land. The time of the overflow is a time for great rejoicing, and for this "miracle of mercy" ancient Egyptians adored the river as a God.

The Nile water is said to be peculiarly sweet, and its properties so valuable that the inhabitants often keep it in sealed vases and drink it, when it is old.

[We are indebted to "Treasure Trove," New York, for the above article and cut.]

LITTLE Boston boy (who, with his mamma, is visiting New York): "Oh, mamma, what a little sliver of a moon they have here! Why, in Boston it's a great big round moon!"

Mamma (complacently): "Yes, Waldo; but you must remember that New York is a very different place from Boston."

## ON THE NILE.

On one occasion I was descending the Nile in a large undecked boat, called a jerm, which was deeply laden with wheat in bulk from Upper Egypt, going to Alexandria for a market. As neither Turks nor Arabs use fowling pieces, and are unable to comprehend the pleasure felt by European travelers in killing birds for sport, there is no destruction of the feathered tribes through these means; and they accordingly multiply prodigiously. This is especially the case with pigeons, of which I have seen flocks containing perhaps a million separate birds.

On the present occasion, as the jerm was slowly descending the Nile by the force of the current only, there came off from every village that we passed, a large flock of pigeons, and alighted on the grain, as it was heaped up in the centre of the boat. Successive groups at last so entirely covered the whole surface that not a grain could be seen, and this while the reis, or captain, sat near the helm, smoking his pipe with the utmost composure. At length I could not forbear asking him to whom all this grain belonged. He replied, "belongs — it all belongs to me." I asked whether he did not view with regret the immense consumption of it going on before his eyes. He then asked me, "*Do you not think that God who made the pigeons as well as man, intended them also to be fed?*" I could not but say "*Certainly.*" "*Is not,*" he continued, "*grain their natural food?*" I confessed it was. "*Can they,*" said he, "*plough, and sow, and reap, as we can, to obtain it?*" I was compelled to answer "*No.*" "*Then was it not clearly the intention of the Creator that they should take it wherever they could find it?*" I asked, whether such a diminution in the store of grain before us would not involve loss? "In quantity," he replied, "undoubtedly, for the half can never be equal to the whole; but not in value, for this is the course of commerce. If all the boats laden with grain arrive at Alexandria without any diminution of their cargoes, there will be a glut in the market, and the price will fall. If, on the contrary, nearly half of each cargo should be consumed before it reaches the port, there will be a short supply, and prices will rise; so that in all probability I shall get just as much money at high prices for my half cargo as I should have done at low prices for the whole; and thus you perceive, God does not permit me to be a loser by my kindness to His creatures." — *Animal World.*

## POWER OF MUSIC.

There was a "block" among the teams in a prominent business street. A herdic had been overturned, and several coal carts were stopped by a load of lumber, which, having succeeded in stationing itself across the thoroughfare, was unable to move farther.

Moreover, every man among those barricaded had lost his temper, and swearing was the order of the hour.

Suddenly, oh, cheerful sound! a lively street band began to play, and the temper of the crowd changed as if by magic. The horses stood no longer in peril of dislocated necks, through the jerking and pulling of their irate drivers; the execrations ceased. Each man settled back in his cart to listen. After a Strauss waltz and a spirited march, the band moved on, and then it became apparent that the audience had experienced a marvellous change.

"Will I give ye a lift, Mick?" called one, to the driver of the lumber cart, jumping down to put his shoulder to the wheel. "It's a big load ye've got."

"Throo for yez!" cried another, also lending a hand. "Pat, lave that baste of yours, and show what ye're good for!"

They pushed with a will, and the horses — who shall say that they also did not work with redoubled vigor? — pulled with a will. The teams were started, and, as the old sing-song has it, "the rat began to gnaw the rope" and everything went on as if nothing had happened.

"It's a foin band that," said one man, as they drove on.

"Dade, an' it is!" cried another; and hardly a man among them but whistled, or tried to whistle, his own version of the tune he had liked best.

## A TRAMP'S KINDNESS TO A BRUTE.

It was on State street, Chicago, and the bustle for which that thoroughfare is noted, was at its highest.

At the curbstone stood a huckster's wagon, dilapidated as its contents were motley. The spavined, foundered, half-starved horse between the shafts was hitched so close to the bit that he could barely move his head. A large horsefly had fastened on his neck and his feeble efforts to dislodge his tormentor were unavailing. His owner stood shrilly calling his wares, and if he noticed the suffering of his faithful servant he took no heed.

Along came a tramp, a whisky-soaked, seedy, frousy tramp. His hat was battered, his clothes dirty. Down the street he shuffled, and you would have said he had not a thought in the world above the begging of a dime for a drink of whisky. Yet that tramp saw the suffering of the poor dumb animal. He stepped up to the animal, patted him gently on the head, brushed the blood-swollen fly to the ground, gave the grateful animal another reassuring pat on the nose, scowled at the owner, muttered some thing that sounded like a curse and shuffled on his way down the street.

Who can say what impulse in that tramp's degraded nature prompted the merciful action! Did a "fellow feeling" make him "wondrous kind?" Did he recognize in the broken-down huckster's horse a resemblance to his own condition, and in the tormenting horsefly the stings and torments of his own adversity? Was he in happier and more innocent days some fresh-checked, round-eyed farmer's boy who drove his father's team to mill and flected the flies from their necks and backs with a willow branch or the skilful touch of a gentle whip?

Was there a time when his heart was full of love for the cows and oxen and sturdy horses that played their part about the picturesque old farm-yard? And so the suffering of even a dumb beast touched to the quick his better nature. Who can say what long-forgotten memories and what better impulses were stirred to life at the sight of the dumb brute's suffering? Whatever they were, the man who could do such an action, trifling as it was, was not thoroughly bad. There was good in his heart, and the work of the Maker's hand was not yet entirely defaced.

## HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

A little fellow came home from Sunday School the other day, and asked his mother to buy him a sling. She asked why, and he said the Sunday School teacher told him how a little fellow killed a big giant with a sling, and he wanted one.

## "NOW I HEAR YOU."

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage, in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverence's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and it was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church, heard the clatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice, asking him something or other about his work. Pat, in essaying to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently hollered into the transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone. Pat tried again, with no better success. On his third trial, he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you're saying, Patrick." Pat had by this time lost something of his patience, and as he stood gathering breath for a fourth blast, he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell to his knees in dismay, when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice once again, "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick." — *Boston Evening Transcript.*

## SUMMER.

BY WM. H. HILLS, in the *Journal of Education.*

## L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

LOVERS in a hammock swinging, —  
Blithe mosquitoes round them singing, —  
What a lark.

Soul with kindred soul communing  
(Common folks would call it spooning).

## In the dark.

In the vines her little brother  
Is secreted, with another

## Grinning boy.

George's vows of fond devotion  
Fill him with a strange emotion,

## Her, with joy.

Hiding there in secret by her,  
He feels quite disposed to guy her,  
Just for fun.

She, unconscious he is near her,  
Softly calls her George her dear, her  
Darling one!

Then her brother spoils her pleasure,  
Makes her angry beyond measure

## Or reply;

For, from out the shadows dim, he  
Calls: "*That's what you said to Jimmie  
Last July!*"

A HUMOROUS incident is told of the work of women on the New York School Board. A janitor of one of the schools came last week with a complaint to the principal. He said that he had been janitor of that building for nineteen years, and no one had ever asked to see the basement until one of the women of the School Board came, recently, and said she wanted to make an examination. "And that basement wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see," he added plaintively. — *Exchange.*

TRAMP — "Won't you help a poor man that lost his family by the Charleston earthquake?" Housekeeper — "Why, you are the same man that lost his family last year by the Ohio river floods." Tramp — "I know it mum, I am one of the most unfortunate men on the face of the earth." — *Ex.*



## Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

## Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

## Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy, —how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the Parent American Band of Mercy*, and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

## LUCERNE CATHEDRAL, SWITZERLAND.

From Interlachen, we went over the Brunig Pass together to Lucerne. While crossing Lake Lucerne we were favored with a mountain storm. It came up suddenly. The sun was shining brightly when the storm burst upon us, the thunder crashing terrifically, the rain pouring down in torrents, the wind blowing furiously, the setting sun tinging the clouds with red, the rain looking like blood. I never saw anything more terribly beautiful. The storm passed over in a few minutes, the wind bundling up one great cloud, and rolling it along the face of the Righi like a huge ball.

I can speak of only one thing in Lucerne—the great organ in the cathedral. The sun was shining brightly when we went in. After waiting a few minutes, the organist began. I do not know the name of the selection. I was not at first particularly impressed. I only just enjoyed the music. Very soon, however, the music changed. It was evidently representing a storm. We could hear the first sighing of the wind, then it would die away, and there was a pattering of raindrops; then the wind rising and low murmurs of thunder. All at once came a crash of thunder, the wind seemed to be driving everything before it, the rain poured down in torrents. I looked out of the door to see whether or not a sudden storm had come up. The sun was shining brightly. Suddenly it seemed to me that a voice said, "Peace; be still." The storm died away; it seemed as though I could see the clouds breaking away, the sun coming out. A beautiful hymn of praise was sweetly chanted. I looked to see where the choir was. There was no choir; it was all the organ. It filled us all with a feeling of awe, and when the organ stopped, we stole out quietly; and even after we were in the open air, we felt as though we hardly ought to speak aloud. — W. J. BALLARD, in *Treasure Trove*.

## PAUL FABER, SURGEON.

In "Paul Faber," written by George MacDonald, LL. D., published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, — pages 89 to 94 — will be found a chapter entitled "The Groans of the Inarticulate," which we would like to have carefully read by every Physician and Medical Student who has taken or intends to take part in vivisection. As we have said before, we believe this matter of abusing and torturing animals by vivisection is one that lies in the control of the medical profession — that a few words from its great leaders, would accomplish more than laws — and that our efforts should be directed to influencing them. The writer uses strong though not abusive language of which we give the following specimens:

"When I see a man who professes to believe in God, assail with miserable cruelty the lovely, timorous lives of the helpless about him, it sets my soul aflame with such indignant wrath that I have to rush to the feet of the Master."

"Picture such an one so busied, suddenly raising his eyes and seeing the eyes of Him who hung upon the cross."

"To how many is not life made endurable, even pleasant, by the love of a devoted dog."

"Friends, there must be a hell in which of all sins, the sin of cruelty, under whatever pretext committed, will receive its meed."

## GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

When General Robert E. Lee, Commander of the Confederate armies, came home from the war, his wife found unopened a bottle of brandy she had placed in his trunk to be used in case of sickness. He never touched tobacco. He refused promotion to an officer who drank, saying, "I cannot place in control of others one who cannot control himself." — *Treasure Trove*

## DIDN'T LIKE THE KITE.

A flock of wild geese flying over Waterbury, Conn., the other day, saw one of the kites which the Waterbury boys were flying. This particular kite was up very high and the geese objected to it. They circled about it two or three times, and then four of their number, seemingly delegated for the purpose, attacked the kite and tore it into shreds, and then went on their way. — *New York Sun*.

## A HAPPY OLD CAR HORSE.

The directory of the Metropolitan Street Railway have just been presented with photographs of "Old Billy," who was retired some time ago. Billy is a car horse thirty-five years old, and has been running for the company for twenty-five years. During the time he has not lost a single day by sickness or inability, and when he was retired he was doing his regular trips from Boston to Brookline in a perfectly satisfactory manner. He is a white horse of pure Morgan blood. When he was thirty-two years old the President of the road ordered a box stall fitted up for him, and he is treated with as much kindness as though he were human. To give him exercise he hauls the feed box around the stable every day and seems to be proud of his load. With the exception of being wheezy he is in sound condition. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## FRIGHTENED BY BLADDERS.

The groundless terror of two elephants at some blown bladders afforded amusement to the visitors at the Zoölogical Garden, Philadelphia, a while ago.

"You know that elephants are afraid of small objects," says the head keeper at the garden. "Last July we gave our elephants a bath every afternoon. We threw half-a-dozen inflated bladders into the pond one day, when they went in to swim. At first the bladders almost scared them to death. Then Empress struck at one with her trunk, and when it bounded into the air both trumpeted and scrambled out of the pond. Venturing back soon after, Empress, who has the curiosity of her sex and a mind of her own, gently fished one of the bladders out of the water, and then kicked at it with her hind feet. No serious results following, she continued her investigations, which ended by her putting her front foot on the bladder. It exploded with a loud report, and the two elephants scampered home in terror." — *Youth's Companion*.

## WHERE TO HANG THE CANARY CAGE.

Do not hang a canary-bird over five feet from the floor. This gives an average temperature and a purity of air. When ventilating a room see that the bird is not in a draught. When hung out of doors have a part of the cage in the shade, so that the bird may have a retreat, if he chooses to take it, from the sun.

A STOUT old lady got out of a crowded omnibus the other day, exclaiming, "Well, that's a relief anyhow." To which the driver replied, "So the hosses thinks, mum."



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1887.

## SUMMER WORK FOR THE DUMB ANIMALS.

The July meeting of Directors' was held on the 20th ult.

President Angell reported that about 150,000 copies of the Society's humane publications had been distributed in the last month. Bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" are now being placed in all the principal mountain and sea-shore hotels.

It was voted to place them also on all passenger steamers sailing from Boston and on Long Island Sound.

Bands of Mercy now number 5,717. Our office agents have dealt with 163 complaints of cruelty, taken 29 horses from work, and caused 67 horses and other animals to be mercifully killed.

## \$50.

We are glad to acknowledge from one of our Vice Presidents, whose name we are not permitted to give, \$50 to be used in sending this paper into public schools that do not now have it. We are grateful and put it at once in our "Missionary Fund" to be used as the donor requested.

## \$33.

We are glad to acknowledge reception of \$30 for our *Missionary Fund*, from two New York ladies, and \$3 from a Maine lady who writes that she wishes she could send a million.

If this fund grows as we hope, and our life is spared, we are going to try to carry the gospel of humanity into every school in America.

## AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

In addition to the 110,000 copies of our publications sent to the *great National Teachers' Convention at Chicago*, we sent also, in July, from our *Missionary Fund*, 12,000 to the *American Institute of Instruction*, which met this year at Burlington, Vermont. For their careful distribution we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Webster, Treasurer of the Institute.

## OUR BOSTON HORSES.

A prominent gentleman of Minneapolis, formerly Superintendent of public schools of that city, recently called on us and said that in all the cities he had visited in the United States he had never seen one where the horses seemed on the whole to be so kindly cared for, and looked so well. We were glad to hear this from a gentleman so intelligent and observing, and who, as we happen to know, has taken special interest in the subject. It is the legitimate fruit of the

work of our Society, through circulation of humane literature in all our public schools — addresses to the sixty-one schools of highest grades — the making of (643) of our Boston police members of our Society, &c., &c.

## THE REV. DOCTOR FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

To many friends of the Rev. Doctor Hedge, and to the still larger number who have read "*The Primæval World of Hebrew Tradition*," and other thoughtful and most interesting and eloquent words he has spoken and written, it will be a pleasure to see in our columns the following unsolicited letter just received:

Cambridge, July 14th, 1887.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL.

I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day. I wish to express my sympathy with it by giving you five dollars, which I venture to enclose.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

Compare these words from Dr. Hedge, "*which seems to me the best charity of the day*," with those others written us a few weeks since, by Frances E. Willard: "*I look upon your mission as a sacred one. Not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ*," and our readers will see what kind of encouragements we are constantly receiving from the best men and women of our country, in trying to carry an education of mercy and humanity into all the schools of America.

A few years ago, we called upon President Hayes, at Washington, to ask him to put into his annual message to Congress, what we had written in regard to the cruel transportation of animals on our railroads, and one of the first things he said to us was, "*When I was a student at the Cambridge Law School, I once heard a sermon from Rev. Dr. Hedge, upon animals, which I have never forgotten*," and he cheerfully put into his message to Congress, almost verbatim, the words I had written. G. T. A.

## NEW MEXICO W. C. T. U.

We have a most earnest letter from Ada Morley Jarrett of Socorro County, New Mexico, describing the cruelties there, and necessity of humane publications and education, and expressing the strong hope that all organizations of the "*Woman's Christian Temperance Union*" may adopt our "Bands of Mercy" as part of their work, and that we may be able to attend the National Convention at Nashville, Tennessee. If we live — and our *Missionary Fund* grows as we hope it may — we will do our best to carry humane education into New Mexico.

## A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Returning from our address to the "*Loyal Legions*," at Lake Walden, July 1st, as we

stepped out of the Fitchburg Depot, the thermometer 95° in the shade, we saw a crowd in the street, and penetrating, found Elias Kingsbury, police officer of Station No. 1, who is one of the members of our Society, working in the full blaze of the sun, with a large sponge and pail of cold water, over the heads of two exhausted team horses attached to a heavily loaded wagon. Elias Kingsbury did not know that the gray-haired gentleman who was watching him was the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We should not wonder if on the day of final account, when the proper book is opened, some such item as this should be found:

Elias Kingsbury. Cr.—By act of kindness to two over-heated horses, opposite the Fitchburg Depot, Boston, July 1, 1887.

## "LOYAL LEGIONS."

Each "*Loyal Legion*" in the United States can organize its members — or as many as care to join — as a "*Band of Mercy*" and Branch of our "*Parent American Band of Mercy*," from which have been formed already over five thousand seven hundred branches in the United States, with probably over 400,000 members, by simply sending to me their signatures, either signed, or authorized to be signed to this pledge:

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." [When preferred, the word *harmless* can be crossed out.]

Also the name of the "*Band*" and of its President. If the Band numbers thirty or more, it will receive without charge, sent to its President's P. O. address:

1st, Our monthly paper, "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Information*.

3d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs*.

4th, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

5th, *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of the "*Loyal Legions*" may be Presidents of the "*Bands of Mercy*" and the name may be "*Loyal Legion Band of Mercy*," or other name as preferred.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy.

19 Milk Street, Boston.

THE state in which much political work is done — the state of intoxication.

## WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

In July "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" we had occasion to say "*there is hardly a mightier power in the world to-day than this great and splendid organized and officered American army of nearly three hundred thousand Christian women—the W. C. T. U.*" We are glad to find in the "Home Guardian" the following:

"A building worth half a million of dollars will soon be erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago, to serve as headquarters of the national officers, and also of the publication department."

## MAYOR HEWITT

Of New York city, says, "*if a dog-catcher should report to me that they had managed to destroy all the dogs, licensed and unlicensed, in the city, I should feel no personal grief.*"

It has long been evident to our mind that in a city of about 1,400,000 souls, with only 250,000 sittings in all its churches, and tens of thousands of children who have no humane education at home, some measures should be taken to introduce humane education into its public schools. "Educate only a man's head" says Talmage, "and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you have the noblest work of God."

There is no other way under heaven by which children can be better trained in habits of mercy than by teaching them to do kind acts, and talk kind words to all harmless living creatures, and we believe the wealthy man or woman of New York city who would establish and endow a mission to teach humanity and mercy in all public schools would confer a greater benefit than all the monuments that city now contains. We only wish our own *Missionary Fund* were large enough to include not only New York, but the country and the world.

## BAR HARBOR. NEWPORT.

We are glad to learn by letter from Bar Harbor that the *over-drawn check is entirely out of fashion* there. We are glad to see also in the Providence Journal that it has become unfashionable at Newport, and that a large portion of the fine horses there are now driven without any check-rein.

## THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Distributed the prizes given this year by the Royal S. P. C. A. to children in London schools, who wrote the best compositions on kindness to animals.

## OHIO.

We receive just before going to press the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Ohio State Humane Society, Cincinnati, showing a large amount of good work, but great need of money—the balance in Treasurer's hands, Jan. 15th, being for current expenses only \$224.23—and in permanent fund \$1,509. We trust that this good Society in this great and wealthy State may soon have a hundred times its present financial means, and be able to circulate all through the State its excellent educational paper.

## RHODE ISLAND.

The Annual Report of the Rhode Island Society P. C. A., shows 850 complaints of cruelty dealt with—receipts about \$2,000—expenses \$2,208.65.

## ATHENS AND ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Mr. Jas. M. Humphries is doing a capital work in Athens, forming "Bands of Mercy" and enforcing the laws; Mr. W. G. Whidby is preparing the way for a similar good work in Atlanta.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We are glad to learn from our friend Hon. John C. Dore, of Chicago, that a very live Society P. C. A. has been recently formed in his native town, Ossipee, N. H. A great objection of many people to spending the summer in New Hampshire is the poor condition and cruel manner in which horses are there over-loaded and over-worked. We well remember the plump, happy, well cared for horses we found in Switzerland, and in painful contrast the poor unhappy hard worked horses we have so often seen in New Hampshire—horses which no humane person could ride after without pain. We trust that through the influence of Humane Societies and the humane education we are now trying to carry into every town, a new era of kindness may dawn upon the hard worked horses in the mountain towns of New Hampshire.

## LOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Lily Lord Tift of Buffalo, that with Col. E. A. Rockwood, President of Buffalo S. P. C. A., she visited Lockport and helped organize a Society P. C. A. The meeting was quite large. We are glad to notice that our friend, F. J. Sawyer, Esq., with whom we have had various talks on the subject, was elected and has consented to act as President. Mrs. Angus Bissell is Secretary.

## HON. WARREN EASTON.

We find in the Journal of Education the following:

Hon. Warren Easton, State Supt. of Public Schools of Louisiana, will be united in marriage to Miss Camille Hart, of New Orleans, on the 6th of July.

One of the first ladies to call upon us at New Orleans was his excellent mother. No two ladies in that city took deeper interest

in our work there than Mrs. Easton and her daughter, and perhaps no gentleman there aided us more than her son above-named. He has our kindest wishes for a long life of happy usefulness, aided and shared by the lady to whom he is united.

REV. MR. TIMMINS writes us from London that the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, is taking interest in the English Bands of Mercy and is Vice President of the British Empire Universal Band.

## LYCEUM HUMANUM

Is the title of an eight page paper published at Washington, edited by our friend, S. W. Russell, devoted to humane, moral and intellectual progress. We find in its first No. lots of good things. We wish it success.

## WAR.

Yes, I am tired of the interminable *Century* articles, tired of the Lowell lectures on battles, tired of the war scenes which General Grant has depicted—the sharing and promoting of which led that great soldier to hate the sight of a review. I will not say with General Sherman in his speech to the young men of Ohio, "Young men, war is hell!" But a battle is not the place poets picture or historians describe. Fiction is never more untrue than when it portrays one. Music and uniforms enlist men as soldiers, but cease to dazzle a little after. The idleness of a camp or barracks, only broken into by gambling and drunkenness, where rough men are unrefined and unrestrained by the presence of wife, sister or child; *this is the soldier life between battles and in time of peace.*

Joaquin Miller describes war as I have witnessed it—

"I tell you to see the man at your side  
Sink down as you hear that sickening thud—  
To look in his face and see the blood  
Slow oozing from lips that have lost their pride!  
I tell you to see his brimming eyes swim.  
I tell you to see him clutch at the mould  
And grasp at the grass as if to hold  
The earth from passing away from him."

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

It is a terrible pity that our literature is so full of false pictures of war—the *mirage* that leads armies to pile battle-fields with dead and wounded men and horses.

We wish we could speak to every school in America on the subject.

We are speaking through our Bands of Mercy and humane literature as far and fast as we can. And as our Missionary Fund grows we shall speak more widely.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FROM "GRANT AS A SOLDIER."

*I have been with him when he left a hur-  
dle race, because unwilling to see men risk  
their necks needlessly; and he came away  
from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Nia-  
gara, angry and nervous at the sight of a  
poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the  
whirlpool on a wire.*

## COURAGE AND TRUE CHIVALRY.

Miss Comfort Walker went boldly ahead, opened a first-class boarding-house and made money.

"Men go on credit," said she, "and why shouldn't women? At the year's end, if I can't any more than pay expenses, I'll try something else."

But at the year's end there was a snug little balance in Miss Comfort's favor, so she took heart, and continued.

"Oh, its you, is it?" said Miss Comfort, as she perceived Ellen O'Brien, the washerwoman, in the basement hall.

"Yes, it's me, worse luck, Miss Comfort," whimpered poor Ellen.

"And what's the matter?"

"It's me bill up stairs, Miss Comfort—the boarder, in the second story front, with the gay gold shirt studs an' the green and yellow stones in his sleeve buttons. Nine dollars and sixty cents, Miss Comfort—six weeks' washing and ironing—and now, when I makes bould to ax him would he be pleased to pay me, he tells me it isn't convenient. And when I tells him how sore I need the money, he up and gets mad and says I shan't have it at all."

Miss Comfort stood listening, with knitted brow and troubled eyes.

"Have you your bill with you, Ellen?" said she after a moment's hesitation.

"Jimmy wrote it out, all nate and proper," faltered Ellen, producing a crumpled slip of blue paper from her pocket.

"Give it to me," said Miss Comfort, "and you come here this evening at eight o'clock, and you shall have your money."

Ellen shook her head disconsolately.

"And thank you all the same, Miss Comfort, dear," said she, "but you can't get it no more'n we can get blood from a stone."

"We'll see about that," said Miss Comfort.

She went slowly up stairs, with the little piece of paper in hand.

"It's a shame," said Miss Comfort.

Leotard Carlyon was Miss Comfort Walker's best boarder, with the single exception that, up to the present moment, his twenty-five dollars a week had been in the future. Now, it so chanced that one reason for her reposing so much confidence in Mr. Leotard Carlyon, the new boarder, was that he was the nephew and heir apparent of Caleb Carlyon, the rich banker, from whom she rented her brown stone house, at the trifling consideration of \$3,000 per annum.

"He can't be a thorough-going imposter," said she to herself, "with such a relation as that."

So she went bravely up to Mr. Carlyon's room and tapped at the door.

"Come in," he called out. "Oh, it's you, Miss Walker, is it?"

Miss Comfort advanced valiantly with the bill in her hand to where Leotard Carlyon reclined languidly amid a heap of sofa pillows, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Don't you think you could settle this little account, Mr. Carlyon?" she said. "The poor woman needs it very much."

"She has been to you with her story, has she?" snarled he. "No, I can't settle it! And I wouldn't if I could. It's worth more than the money to me to be so badgered and beset. Have the goodness, Miss Walker, for the future to remember that I am able to attend to these little affairs for myself, without any interference."

"That means that I am to attend to my own business," thought our little housekeeper, as she retreated, coloring and rather indignant. "Well I will."

So Miss Comfort tied on a little brown velvet hat she had trimmed with scarlet poppies and brown autumn leaves, and set out bravely for the Mount Orient Bank.

The clerks stared at her a little curiously as she was shown into the president's room at the back, where Mr. Carlyon sat, straight and upright, with blue eyes like a falcon's and hair slightly sprinkled with gray.

He elevated his brows at sight of Miss Comfort Walker.

"I believe your rent is not due for a month yet, Miss Walker," he said, with the cold courtesy, which always made her feel as if he were encased in an armor of ice.

"No," said the little lady, courageously; "but it's about your nephew, Mr. Leotard Carlyon," and she told the story of Ellen O'Brien and her wrongs.

"He ought to pay the money," said Miss Comfort, excitedly. "He must be made to pay the money."

"May I ask, Miss Walker, why you interest yourself in this affair?" the banker asked, with a cold, measured calm that contrasted strangely with the little woman's heat and flurry.

"Another way of telling me to mind my own business," said Miss Comfort to herself. But she kept up a bold front and answered:

"Because I think no man has a right to cheat a poor woman out of her hard-earned money."

"Cheat is a strong word, Miss Walker," observed her landlord.

"It's the only correct word in the case, Mr. Carlyon."

"Perhaps he is owing something to yourself?" questioned the banker keenly.

"Yes, sir," Miss Comfort answered. "But it isn't that I came about. I am able to lose a little if it should be necessary; but this poor woman is friendless and alone."

Mr. Carlyon glanced at his watch. Miss Comfort turned toward the door.

"I'm sorry that my time is no longer at my own disposal," said he courteously.

And Miss Comfort went away almost crying.

But that evening, just as Miss Comfort was beginning at her account book, a ring at the door, and Mr. Carlyon, the banker, was shown in. Miss Comfort rose, confused and fluttering.

"Miss Walker, pray don't let me disturb you," said the banker. "I have only dropped in for a little call. You showed yourself to me to-day as a true-hearted, noble-natured woman! You need no longer distress yourself. The bill is paid. And now, if you are at leisure, I'll just take my evening cup of tea with you."

How pleased Miss Comfort was, as she poured the fragrant Young Hyson into her great-grandmother's china cup, decorated with butterflies and oblong scrolls of gilt and violet. And how she kept wondering all the while how Mr. Carlyon, the great banker, could take such an interest in her little affairs.

But if she had only known it, Mr. Carlyon seldom came across a true, real heart in his complicated business transactions.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's not true," said Mr. Leotard. "My uncle would never make such a fool of himself at his age. Why, he's fifty if he's a day."

"Only forty-four," said Mrs. Creswick. "But, of course, it must be a great mortification

to you, Mr. Leotard, who have always been looked upon as his heir, to think he is going to marry that little woman who keeps the boarding-house. But it is true! I saw the wedding-ring myself."

Leotard Carlyon gnawed silently at his moustache. If he had paid that washerwoman's bill, Miss Comfort Walker would not have gone to his uncle; and he would have been the rich banker's heir.

He wished he had paid the washerwoman.—*Hartford Times.*

The above story reminds us of an incident in the life of General Andrew Jackson. When President of the United States, a poor woman at Washington, who had a large board bill against a department clerk which she could not collect, sought in her despair an interview with the President and told him her trouble. The President told her to go to the clerk and get his promissory note, then come back. When she returned, the President took the note and wrote across the back *Andrew Jackson*.

In due time the note was placed in a bank for collection and the clerk notified. He paid no attention, but when informed who had endorsed it, quickly got the money and paid the note. Next day he was notified that his services in the department were no longer wanted.

We do not know how others may feel about it, but we read this little incident with as much pleasure as anything in the life of Andrew Jackson. G. T. A.

## AMO, AMAS, AMAT.

BY S. L. ARNOLD, in the *Journal of Education*.

THE warm June wind blows lightly through the open schoolroom door, The shadows of the elm boughs lie quivering on the floor,

The class of bright-faced urchins are repeating o'er and o'er,—

"I love, thou lovest, he loves,  
We love, you love, they love."

The elm leaves softly rustle, by the wandering breezes stirred;

Through the open window float the hum of bee and song of bird;

And fainter still and fainter grows each oft-repeated word,—

"I love, thou lovest, he loves,  
We love, you love, they love."

But the teacher's thoughts have followed the flight of bird and bee,

And her eyes behold a picture that no other eyes can see,

While the monotone accompanies a sweeter melody,—

"I love, thou lovest, He loves,  
We love, you love, they love."

Still the shadows flicker, quiver,—wanders the June wind at will;

Little knows the weary teacher why her heart grows strong and still,—

Knows not why new peace and beauty seem the sweet June day to fill,—

"I love, thou lovest, He loves,  
We love, you love, they love."



## BUTTERCUP'S CIRCUS.

Fred and Bertie, two little black-eyed boys, were visiting their Aunt Susan in a beautiful country village. The large, old-fashioned house, under a giant elm-tree, was full of wonders to them; but their greatest delights were in driving the old gray horse, or feeding and petting an Alderney calf which their Uncle Harry was raising.

This "baby-cow," as little Bertie called her, was kept away from its mother, old Clover, most of the day, and tied to a cherry-tree in the side yard. The boys named her Buttercup. They were allowed to feed her with meal and water; and she soon grew so tame, that they could pat and caress her as much as they pleased.

One day Fred found an old saddle in the stable; and he proposed to Bertie to help him put it on the calf, and have a ride the length of her rope. They succeeded in fastening it upon Buttercup's smooth back; and Freddie exclaimed with delight, "Now we will have a first-class circus!"

They brought a chair from the house, and placed it by the side of Miss Cow, she looking wonderingly at them with great round eyes. The boys both stood together in the chair, and Fred said, "Now I will count, and, when I say *four*, we must spring upon the saddle. One—two—three—four;" and on they went.

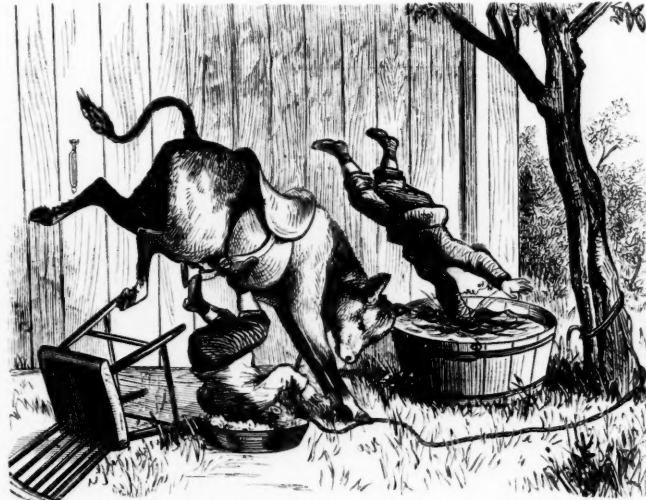
But, before they could have said "*five*," Miss Buttercup's heels were in the air, and her head went down so quickly, that Master Fred felt a sudden chill, and found himself in a tub of rain-water that stood under the eaves of the woodshed; while Bertie went head-foremost into a pan of meal and water.

A slight noise followed their fall. Their uncle and aunt appeared. The saddle was sent back to the stable, and the boys did not engage Buttercup for any more circus performances that summer.

MAMMA MAGGIE.

A CLERGYMAN of Auburn, Me., after eating luncheon in a railroad eating-house, picked up what he thought was his bag and went on. When he got home the bag was opened by his wife, who found several bottles containing liquor. The bag belonged to a drummer for a liquor house, and the drummer was probably also surprised when he found in his bag three sermons.

It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that when two young men meet they address each other: "How are you, old man?" and that when two old fellows meet they say, "My Boy."



BUTTERCUP'S CIRCUS.

## THE BOBOLINK'S LESSON.

BY JULIA M. MAY.

A three-year-old boy on the gatepost was leaning,  
And watching the frolicsome flight of the birds.  
When a sweet bobolink round the orchard came gleaming.  
And stopped as if listening for somebody's words—

Stopped close to the boy till his natural feeling,  
Impulsive, obeying, he lifted a rock,  
And raising it high, then quietly kneeling,  
He steadied himself to give birdie a knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody swelling,  
Gently opened, and forth came the song, ever new,

"Bobolink, bobolink," as if some one were telling  
The bird what the baby was going to do.

"Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no weat;"  
"Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know it;"

"Bobolink, bobolink" (Oh the song was so sweet!)  
"Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it, don't throw it!"

Robbie didn't. His fingers fell down by his side,  
And he gazed at the charmer in joyful surprise,  
Till the solo was over, and then satisfied,  
Let the innocent singer fly up to the skies.

Then he looked at me doubtful and read in my face  
The question my lips were preparing to ask;

"'Cos he sung so, me couldn't," he lisped with quaint grace,  
And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of years:  
When the demon of danger comes to your nest,

Sing a song; sing it bravely; sing through your tears,  
And the arm that is lifted will fall. It is best

To sing while you can, like the brave bobolink;  
For the song of your hearts shall your enemy reach,

And the danger will vanish. Ah! do you not think  
That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson can teach?

— Congregationalist.

EARN money before you spend it.

## EXTRACT FROM "LETTERS FROM GREECE."

BY PRESIDENT C. C. FELTON.

"On we went, regardless of the rain,—all except Walnut, the dog, who seemed greatly chagrined. Walnut is a dog of taste; has made the tour several times; takes a special pleasure in showing off his country to foreign travellers, and, when he found we were going, insisted upon going with us. He is a very quiet dog, almost never barks, and has taken a special friendship for me. He sleeps under my bed when I have one, and when I have not, sleeps as near me as he can get. He

has kept by my side all day long, and, as we rode through the magnificent scenery under the heavy rain, hung his tail between his legs in the most desponding manner, evidently feeling a heavy responsibility for the present state of affairs, and concerned for the character of the Grecian climate.

Suddenly the rain ceased; the sun, the Grecian sun, came out; the hilltops, trees, and silver raindrops were lighted in a moment; the region round about broke into a blaze, and thousands of birds added the full chorus of their song. Ah! then you should have seen Walnut, the dog,—how he capered about; how he ran up the hill and down the hill; how he jumped on me, and even barked, in the gladness of his heart; how he snatched up a stick, and shook it till it broke in pieces. The dog had never done anything of the kind before; he is a sober, affectionate dog, with a temperate enjoyment of the world, and a friendly eye for every wayfarer. I could not help sympathizing in his joy, and my own pleasure in the sudden outbreak of beauty was really heightened by the sight of Walnut's ecstasies."

## SWIFT BIRDS.

Thomas Alexander, in his book entitled "Game birds of the United States," says that wild ducks, unaided by the wind, fly from sixty to one hundred miles an hour, and that the blue-winged teal, "going down the wind at the top of his speed, will make fully one hundred and fifty miles an hour, possibly more." The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of nautical bird of prey. Sailors believe that it can start at the peep of dawn from the coast of Africa, and, following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than two hundred miles an hour, but we do not know of any trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.—*Golden Days*.

EVERY one admires bravery, but many a big burly man is afraid of the woman who trembles at the sight of a mouse.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

## HIS LORDSHIP.

BY C. M. CURTIS, in *Golden Days*.

He was an oriole, with the loveliest black and orange feathers. The children called him Lord Baltimore.

I had seen him flying about my window for days, evidently looking for a place to settle.

It was a matter of great moment. He couldn't be hurried. Unlike most of the feathered tribe, this bird doesn't build every year, but makes his house last several seasons. A fresh lining of cotton, a few strong cords to tighten the hold on the limb, after the strain of the winter's storms—or, in other words, a few needful repairs, and the house is as good as ever.

His lordship was evidently a young bird, and must select his first home with great care.

He hung around the willow tree by my window for days; then flew off, and brought his wife.

They sat on the limb and talked a long time. Lady Baltimore seemed to make some objections to the situation, for, after a good deal of twittering, they flew off to the woods, and were gone a day or two.

I had given up the idea of having them for neighbors, when they suddenly returned. Early one morning, while I was dressing, I saw them on the willow.

Later in the day, I noticed several ends of strong cord hanging from one of the swaying limbs near my window. The work of house-building was fairly begun.

How hard they worked! and what a marvel of beauty that nest was! So strong and so compact! The tiny opening in the side nearest the window was perfectly made.

The wrens and bluebirds evidently thought it the handsomest house they had ever seen. They would come and sit on the willow branches for hours, and watch this strange structure going up.

The titled folks took no account of them whatever, evidently rating them as common people far beneath their notice.

One day, when the house was nearly completed and the owners off somewhere, a bluebird came, and after cautiously reconnoitering, went up to the door of the palace and looked in. Apparently surprised by what he saw, he gave vent to an expression which sounded like "Whew!" Then he flew off, and in a few minutes returned, in company with a robin.

They both peeped in very timidly, but growing bolder when they found the house empty, they both stuck their heads far in and took a prolonged observation of this fine abode. Then they sat on the limb and talked for some time.

I do not wonder that the house was the admiration of the neighborhood, for it was a beauty.

By-and-by they were fairly settled in their new home. The eggs were laid, and Lady Baltimore stayed closely at home, busy with the cares of maternity. His lordship went back and forth, bringing food, occasionally taking care of the eggs while his wife went for a fly.

All the birds called. Wrens, sparrows, bluebirds, robins and tomits all paid their respects to the new-comers. They were received with cool politeness, but their visits were not returned.

Then it became the gossip of the place that the orioles held themselves above their neighbors. I couldn't help hearing all this talk, because they always went into the top of the willow to hold their discussions.

Then the young orioles grew large enough to put their heads up to the door and peep out. They seemed as great a curiosity as their parents. The birds would come and peep in at

them, shake their heads, and talk in the gravest way.

A wren came one day during the absence of the parents, and poked her head right in the door. A minute later, and she was hurled to the ground before she could realize what had hurt her.

That night Mr. Wren called at the door, and, blustering away, demanded satisfaction.

His lordship drew himself up at full height on the limb above his home, stretched his beautiful golden wings out two or three times, then gave two or three contemptuous notes, cocked his head on one side, and flew off.

What that meant in bird talk was:

"You contemptible little scamp, you! Do you suppose that one of my birth and lineage would degrade himself by fighting you as an equal? I threw your wife out of my house yesterday, and if she or you should come there meddling, I'll do it again. But meet you in combat as an equal! Never!"

The neighbors were rather shy of the willow tree after that. His lordship was such a plucky fellow that they did not care about tackling him.

I am afraid the orioles regretted their choice of a residence. They thought it an undesirable locality, and before they went away, in October, I am sure I heard them deliberating as to whether or not they should return. At last her ladyship settled it by saying that it was too bad to have all that labor, and then give up a handsome well-built house just on account of meddling neighbors. They would return, and keep strictly to themselves.

Then they filled up the door with clay, and put two or three strong cords from the roof to the limb, to enable it to resist the winter storms.

Then I said farewell, knowing that, if I live, and no accident befalls my friends, I shall see the Baltimores again next spring.

## LIVING BREASTWORKS.

"M. Quad" tells how the Confederate General McCulloch, in 1863, attacked the Federals at Milliken's Bend. Six hundred mules were secured, and each soldier advanced behind a mule, thus sheltered by a living breastwork. As soon as the mules came under fire they reared, plunged, and kicked so that they were sources of danger instead of safety. The mules were a failure as breastworks. The Federals thought the mule business was a very good joke on the Confederates, but at New Hope some military genius conceived the idea of breaking the Confederates' line by driving a big herd of beeves against it. One night about ten o'clock, when it was very dark, the beeves were massed, and the Federals who were to follow got ready to move. The Confederates "caught on," as the Arabs say, and opening their line, allowed the beeves to pass through, and then closing, devoted themselves to holding the Federals in check. In which they were entirely successful. The Confederates enjoyed the Federal beef, and were willing to take more at the same price.

SOME time ago a fine mare belonging to Charles H. Barnard, of Northbrook, Pa., broke one of her legs badly. Dr. Huidekoper, of the University of Pennsylvania, amputated the leg, and, when the stump was healed, fitted an artificial leg to the mare. The leg is taken off at night so that she can lie down, and it is kept on for a few hours each day. Apparently the animal will soon use the artificial limb with ease.

## AGASSIZ'S MOTHER.

Agassiz was the favorite son of his mother, who was the wife of a Swiss Protestant clergyman. Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, visited her in 1851, when she was nearly fourscore, and found her "erect, tall, and dignified." Her address was animated, and her manners placed the foreign guest at his ease.

As soon as the Professor told her that he was a friend of "Louis," and that his adopted country esteemed him among its most precious possessions, "her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart."

The next morning she walked a long distance in the rain, to bid her son's friend farewell. She presented to Mrs. Silliman a little bouquet of pansies, and bade them tell her son "her *pensees* were all for him." In French, *pensee* means both pansy and thought.

Agassiz's fiftieth birthday was celebrated by the Saturday Club with a special dinner, at which Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell read poems. Longfellow's poem represented Nature as taking the boy by the hand, and leading him to his vocation of discovering her secrets. At last there came a stanza which represented the natural mother as mourning over the fact that the great mother had drawn her son from the fireside where she wished to keep him:

"And the mother at home says, 'Hark!

For his voice I listen and yearn;

It is growing late and dark.

And my boy does not return.'"

As Longfellow read the poem in a quiet, subdued tone, Agassiz's head was bent modestly down. There was a musing smile on his lips, as he recalled the scenes of his youth. But when the allusion to his mother came, his ruddy face flushed with restrained feeling, tears gathered in his eyes, and as the last line was uttered, they dropped slowly down his cheeks, one after another.

But Agassiz soon recovered himself, and, with his eyes still glistening, bowed and smiled his acknowledgments to the poet.

## AN ELEPHANT WEIGHED WITHOUT SCALES.

An Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shajee, the father of the first ruling prince of the Mahrattas of Hindostan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money; but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this was; and all the learned and clever men of the court seemed to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length, it is said, that Shajee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple, and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted into a flat-bottomed boat; and then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached, after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to load the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.

A GAY rooster tripped on light fantastic toe up to the occupant of a quiet nest and said: "Will you dance, Biddy?" "Excuse me," said the hen, "I am engaged for this set."—*N. O. Picayune*.



## CRUISE OF THE "NANCY LEE."

The "Nancy Lee" (that's my name) is Uncle Tim's sail-boat. He promised all of us that he would give us a sail in her down the harbor on the Fourth of July. By "all of us" I mean, besides myself, my sisters Ann and Julia, and my brothers Charles and William.

Father did not like to trust us with Uncle Tim all alone. But Uncle Tim was what was called an "expert" in sailing a boat, and he had taught William how to help him.

"Promise me, Tim, that, if you see the least sign of a squall's coming up, you will steer at once for a safe landing-place," said father.

Tim gave the promise, and we went down to the wharf with our baskets of things for dinner; for our plan was to steer for Duck Island, where there was a snug little cove, while on the beach, sheltered by two high rocks, was a hut with a fire-place, and plenty of drift-wood lying about.

It was a warm, pleasant day. We passed the lighthouse in fine style, William taking off his hat, and giving three cheers, while Julia waved her handkerchief.

But oh! we had not gone half a mile farther, when a big black cloud gathered in the west; and Uncle Tim said, "Now, girls, shall we steer for home, or for the island?"

"Oh, for home, as quick as you can!" said Ann.

"Too late!" replied Uncle Tim. "Here we are, close upon Duck Island. Our best way will be to land there, and wait till the thunder-storm is over."

"That's the wisest plan," said William. "Hurrah! Won't we have a jolly time?"

So up into the little cove glided the "Nancy Lee." Brother William and the boys made her fast by an anchor in the sand; and we girls ran to the hut, where we arrived just as the big drops began to spatter from the clouds. Soon we made a fire. The boys brought up the baskets; and we boiled some potatoes, and got all ready for dinner.

It was a merry little thunder-shower, and quickly passed away, leaving the brightest of blue skies. The wind fell, and all was calm; so we spread our table on a flat rock, which the sun had dried. What appetites we had! The bread and butter, the cold chicken, the potatoes, the strawberries and cream, all rapidly disappeared; and jokes and laughter supplied the place of champagne.

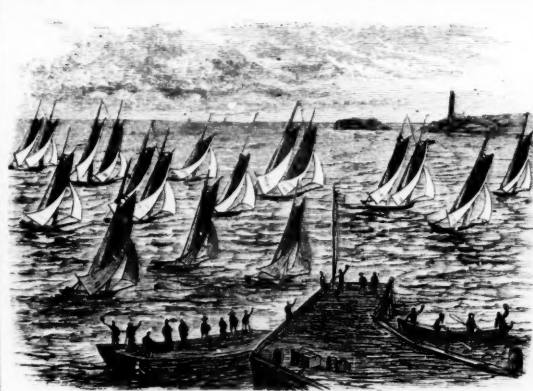
About four o'clock Uncle Tim startled us by shouting, "All hands on board!" A slight breeze had sprung up. We were soon all ready, and steering for home.

At the tea-table, that evening, Uncle Tim said to father, "Were you anxious about the squall?"

"Well, Tim," replied father, "I telegraphed to the lighthouse-man, and he telegraphed back these words: 'Boat safe at Duck Island. With spy-glass can see crew eating dinner on rocks.' Mother and I concluded, after that, that we would not be anxious." NANCY LEE.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, cultivate your mind.

HOPE is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven, bearing our prayers to the throne of grace. — JEREMY TAYLOR.



THE "NANCY LEE."

If every horse whose mouth is viciously sawed and yanked by an ugly driver could kick his torturer, there would be more justice in the world. — *Boston Evening Transcript.*

## A ROUND-ROBIN.

TAP! tap! — what's that? I raised my eyes

And there upon the sill  
A robin, portly, staid, and wise,  
Stood holding in his bill  
A written maple-leaf, which straight  
He in my apron threw,  
And then, although I pleaded "Wait,"  
Back to the orchard flew.

"We jointly beg," the writing ran,  
"That you will keep at home  
Your prowling pussies, all you can,  
And teach them not to roam.  
Broiled-robin may be very nice,  
And robin as a roast,  
And robin fricaseed with mice,  
Or robin served on toast:  
But yet it hardly seems quite right —  
In this we all agree —  
That puss should have each summer night  
Young robins for her tea."  
Signed: "Robin of the Cedar-tops,"  
And "Robin of the Mill,"  
And "Robin of the Alder-copse,"  
And "Robin of the Hill."  
And robins more than I could tell  
Or you would stay to hear.

— ESTHER B. TIFFANY, in September *Wide Awake*.

## A FAITHFUL WATCHER.

Towser, a Newfoundland mastiff, is the watchdog in Suyboth & Podlasky's fur factory, in Brooklyn, and a general favorite with the employees. Two of these men sleep in the factory at night. The other morning, before daylight, they were sleeping soundly when fire broke out. The men would have been burned, had not Towser run into their room and begun tugging and pulling at the bedclothes, which he tossed on the floor, and then followed up by pinching the sleepers' legs with his teeth, barking furiously.

The men arose, and were about to strike the dog, when they saw the flames. In a moment they realized their danger, and, with the noble dog, hurried from the building. — *Treasure Trove.*

WHEN you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

## OLD CRUMPLE.

Old Crumple was standing by the orchard wall, under an apple tree. She was Uncle John's red cow, and she had a crooked horn. Her jaws went wig-wag, because she was munching an apple. Miss Rosa Lang gave it to her.

Rosa was Uncle John's niece, five years old. She was a kind little girl, and loved to pet old Crumple.

While Crumple's jaws went wig-wag with the apple, her tail went swish-swish, trying to knock a great fly off her back.

She looked very happy.

"Oh" cried Rosa to her cousin Ella, "I'm going to ride old Crumple."

"You never can, Rosa! She won't let you!" added Ella.

"Just you see!" answered Rosa, and she climbed upon the wall.

Crumple did not move, except to turn her head to see if another apple was coming, and she whisked her tail again, and knocked that fly clean off her back.

Rosa put her hand carefully upon the cow. Crumple stood very close to the wall.

Then she flung herself forward, and with a little scramble, there she was, astride of dear old Crumple.

"Oh, my!" shouted Ella; you're on wrong side first."

"Why, so I am!" cried Rosa. "I must turn round. But give me Dolly Polly!"

"Do look at that child!" said Aunt Susan, from the piazza. "She'll fall and break her neck!"

Uncle John came running, and he began to laugh. Rosa had her doll clasped in her arms. Crumple began to walk away, and Rosa could not turn round.

"Hold on, little girl!" shouted Uncle John, and he leaped over the wall.

This scared Crumple, and made her jump.

Off tumbled Rosa and Dolly Polly; but they fell plump into Uncle John's arms.

"All right this time, pet," he cried. "But now you shall both ride in style."

So Uncle John lifted Ella, and Rosa, and Dolly Polly, upon Crumple's back.

They faced front this time. Uncle John led the cow by her horns, and they played elephant-ride for a half hour. — *Our Little Ones.*

NEVER speak evil of any one.

## A MUSICAL CAT.

The New York *Sun* says that a young man who went the other evening to the home of A. N. White, the keeper of the morgue, heard the scale being run on the piano, in the back parlor. "Who's practicing so industriously, Major?" the visitor asked. "Oh, that's Minnie," keeper White replied. "She's very fond of music. I'll introduce you to her. Here, Minnie, Minnie." The instant he called the name, a handsome black and white cat bounded into the room. "She's the piano player," keeper White said. "When she sees the piano open she jumps on the keys, and runs up and down the board until somebody comes and plays for her. Then she sits down and listens and purrs."

LONG ISLAND SOUND — Buzz, buzz.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

## A KIND ACT.

It is said that the life led by a politician tends to make a man worldly and selfish. That it does not always kill sympathy and kindness was shown by a little incident I witnessed in Washington not long since.

I was coming out of a store, where I had been making Christmas purchases, when I saw a hearse moving slowly along in the middle of the street.

It contained a small pine coffin, and was followed on foot by a woman and a child, the latter about eight years of age.

The woman's face was sad and care-worn, and she wore a shabby, rusty black dress which had evidently seen long service. The thin veil she wore did not conceal the tears which trickled down her face.

The boy's round, child-like face was blue with the cold, his shoes were worn and broken, and his clothes were patched to such an extent that it seemed as if patching could go no further.

He held his mother's hand, and evidently shared her grief, for his eyes were inflamed.

While I stood looking at the sad procession, a handsome coupé came rapidly up the street.

As it reached the hearse, a gentleman, whom I recognized as a well-known politician, looked out of the window. He looked at the hearse, then at the woman and child; there was a moment's hesitation, and then he spoke to the driver. The coupé stopped, and the man left it, and approaching the poor little woman, spoke a few hurried words to her; then, not waiting for her reply, he helped her into the coupé, motioned to the little boy to jump in after her, and with a brief order to the driver, turned away.

Another moment and he had sprung on a passing street car, and was gone.

A glance into the coupé showed the poor little woman sobbing as if her heart would break, and the child, with both arms about her, vainly trying to calm her, evidently not understanding why she was moved so deeply.—F. B. H., in *Youth's Companion*.

## HOW HE GOT RID OF THE CROWS.

A Chester (Pa.) gentleman tells an interesting story of the manner in which a Delaware county farmer got rid of crows. He was greatly troubled by the depredations of these birds, and all means to drive them away permanently having failed, he tried an original plan. Taking a half peck or more of corn he soaked it thoroughly in whiskey and then scattered the cereal along the fence of the field chiefly visited by the feathered thieves. He soon had a number of crows eating the doctored corn, and as they didn't fly away he went to observe the effect of the dose. He found every crow drunk, some lying over on their sides, others tottering around in a maudlin attempt to fly. He could have killed every one but resolved to await the outcome of the drunk. Gradually the birds recovered, and one by one flew unsteadily away. During the remainder of the season the farmer was not troubled by a single crow.

## PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement: it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it: it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these last ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise,—the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their labors, that they look

for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. You know that, if the floor is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by work, thought, care, and efforts, bodily and mental.

Many men appreciate these things, and feel gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health; why don't they come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for a good fit; they thank the man in the horse car who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in a concert-room; in short they thank everybody and everything out-of-doors, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward your wives; if you gave one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, —fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness. Praise your wife, then, for all her good qualities, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are no greater than your own.

## HORSES.

**H**ORSES, faithful, generous creatures!  
Willing workers, strong and true!

Steadfastly you toil for us,  
Bravely will we care for you.  
Ne'er with cruel lash or goad  
Will we urge you o'er the road,  
Ne'er to hasten you in work  
*Ply the bit with savage jerk.*

*Ne'er shall tight drawn bearing rein*  
Wring your patient souls with pain  
*Nor the vicious "over-check"*  
Torture and deform your neck.

Heaven-sent helpers, fitly made  
Man's inferior force to aid,  
Gratefully, with care and thrift,  
Let man use heaven's noble gift!  
Friendly pat and chirrup gay  
Still shall cheer you on your way,  
Nor, except in sorest need,  
Will we ask your utmost speed.

Often watered, amply fed,  
Given a clean and wholesome bed,  
All the strength that nature gave you  
We through lengthened years will save you,  
And from needless suffering free  
Shall our faithful horses be.

SOME time ago a valuable canary of Ithaca, N. Y., lost its voice, and when taken to a local bird dealer seemed to be choking to death. The dealer found that there was a tumor as large as a pea growing at the root of the bird's tongue, and, putting the little fellow under the influence of chloroform, cut it away. The bird now sings as well as ever.

## "WHOOOP-EE!"—HOW I FRIGHTENED THE BEARS.

Years ago, when Indians and bears were plentiful in California and white men were not, on my way to San Francisco I was riding through what were known as the tule marshes, bordering the San Joaquin River near its mouth.

I was to cross the San Joaquin, and was approaching the point from which travelers shouted to the Indian ferryman on the opposite shore, and called him over.

I had just turned my horse's head toward the river-bank, when two bears, which had come down from the woods for their evening drink, and had been concealed from my view by the bend in the road and the tall bushes, suddenly appeared not twenty paces in front, scratching for roots in the middle of the road. Now, horses love bears about as much as little children who have heard nurses' stories of them; so, no sooner had the beast on which I was riding caught a glimpse of the great shaggy intruders, than he gave a snort of surprise, and whirled so suddenly in his tracks that I saved myself from a tumble only by clutching the high pommel of my California saddle and holding on for dear life. Back up the road scampered my flying steed, while I clung on like a Comanche. Righting myself in the saddle, however, I brought the bit to bear, and soon reined in the frightened animal. I had much difficulty in making him face about, but with fear and trembling, the poor horse, puffing like a locomotive, began to retrace his steps.

We had gone back only a few yards when we saw the bears again, and, despite my own and the horse's nervousness, I burst out laughing at their comical appearance. They had been as much frightened, probably, as we, but seeing our cowardly flight, had taken courage and trotted up the road after us, until they came into the full glare of the sun; and there they both stood, motionless, on the hind legs, side by side, each shading his eyes with his right paw and apparently transfixed with amazement. Horses they were familiar with, because the plains of the San Joaquin were covered with roving bands of wild horses; Indians they had occasionally seen; but what that whited faced object, with the blue shirt and colored handkerchief around his neck was, must have been to them, just then, an absorbing inquiry of bear intellect, for they were certainly taking their first look at a white man. The left paw of each hung by his side, limp and nerveless; and, under the paw, which deftly and with a most ludicrous effect shaded their vision, the little wide-open, piggish eyes were, in their puzzled expression, irresistibly comical.

I had no gun, and I don't think I should have used it if I had had one; but I yelled, "Whoop-ee!" at the top of my lungs. That broke the spell, and two more frightened bears never got down from their hind legs and took to the woods.

The Indian ferry-man across the river gave me the answering shout, and I shouted "Whoop-ee!" again. I heard the bushes clash and snap and break as those two astonished bears went through them in their flight. I did not call them back. —*St. Nicholas*.

THE most miserable men that could be put on any planet would be a lot of men that had nothing to do. HERR.

SAVE when you are young to spend when you are old.

The following by Dr. S. W. Abbott of our Massachusetts State Board of Health, shows that the broken legs of birds can be successfully healed.

## [For Our Dumb Animals] OUR PET.

His name is Phil Sheridan. But Tommy thinks that Emily would be a more appropriate name. But never mind. What's in a name? Poor little fellow, he does not care just now what we call him, provided we give him shelter, and plenty to eat, and kind treatment. You all remember the snow storm of April 19th, when people who had stowed away their sleighs for the summer, brought them out again for another ride, and thought of the good old days of Lexington fight in April, 1775, when the grass waved in the fields. Well, it was the day before that storm, when we first saw little Phil, near Deadman's crossing, hobbling, or trying to hobble along the road with a broken leg. We picked him up carefully and carried him home. He made no resistance, and seemed glad to be cared for. But we have forgotten to tell you that Phil is a little fawn-colored dove about two months old. On taking him home we found him in a pitiable plight indeed, for not only his leg, but also his wing was broken. Perhaps some malicious urchin had stoned him, or perhaps in his youthful inexperience, he had flown against a telegraph wire, or a railroad train in rapid motion. He was so badly hurt that we thought the most merciful treatment would be to kill him at once without even consulting the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A.

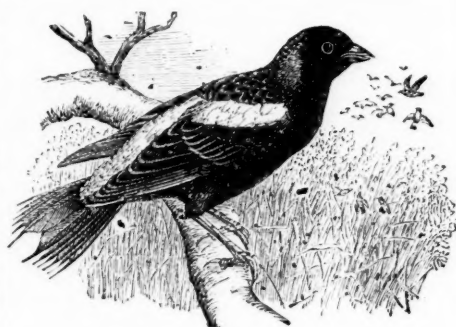
But Tommy, and Lucy, and little Fannie all begged so hard that we could not refuse to spare him, and remembering that the Doctor had once used starch bandages for a little child's broken arm, we concluded to try the same for little Phil. So we got some pasteboard, and cut out two pieces for his leg, and then after soaking them in warm water and lining them with soft cotton wool we fastened them carefully upon his leg with the starched bandages. Then we bound another wider band around his broken wing, confining it to his body, and laid him in a box on a bed of cotton. He laid in his box a week quite contented, and became very tame, eat heartily, and drank water from a teaspoon as well as any child.

He was soon able to walk as well as ever. We tried the same experiment successfully upon the broken leg of a canary. S. W. A.

## AN ALMOST HUMAN APPEAL.

Edwin Emory, of East Baltimore, had an experience of the sagacity of the dog recently. On the way down South Broadway a small dog ran up to him, acting in a strange manner. The little fellow jumped on him, licked his hands and occasionally snapped and whined. Thinking of hydrophobia, Mr. Emory kicked the dog, which then ran in front of him, and, posing in a begging position, began to beat the air with his front legs. Mr. Emory insisted on having nothing to do with the dog, but it repeated the act several times. Finally, Mr. Emory discovered a large pin sticking in the foot of the dog, and with humane instinct he took him in his arms and pulled it out. As soon as relieved the dog manifested his thanks by licking Mr. Emory's hands, and then ran off as fast as he could. — *Baltimore Sun*.

LIVE up to your engagements.



## BOBOLINK MUSIC.

Robert-of-Lincoln came. Bobolink is a very dandy-looking fellow, proud as a belle who has danced with the Prince of Wales or the Duke Alexis. He has a habit of singing his rattling notes in the air, and hovering until his rollicking solo is finished; or, if he commences his song on a stake or tree, he never rises until the music is completed. When Bob had nearly reached the tree his mouth opened, and he threw out notes without measure, rapid and jingling as a sleigh-bell waltz. The tinkling notes struck and rebounded, tumbled, rolled and slid, and all the while the little wings were fluttering in the air as if they were working the bellows of the organ he was playing. What he said it is almost impossible to tell you, for he talks faster than almost any bird that flies, and runs his words together as I have heard school children sometimes; a habit well enough in birds, but very bad for readers and speakers. Many writers have tried to imitate his song. Bryant and Irving both gave him a prominent place in their written picture galleries. When I was a boy on a farm we used to call him the corn-planting bird, and as we read his song he said: "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put it in, put it in, cover't up, cover't up, stamp on't, stamp on't, step along." He wore his parti-colored suit, the main portion a genteel black, a little whitish yellow powder in his hair, as if he had poked his head into a lily sometime and carried away the pollen, and a shoulder-strap of the same on each side of his neck, proving him a brigadier in the army of peace. In the autumn, the bobolinks go South on a furlough, take off their gaudy uniform, put on suits of rusty black, change their name, and become either reed-birds or rice-birds.

For the above we are indebted to the *Fountain*.

THE Emperor of Russia has a salary of \$8,250,000; the Sultan of Turkey, \$6,000,000; the Emperor of Austria, \$4,000,000; King of Prussia, \$3,000,000; King Humbert, \$2,400,000; Queen Victoria, \$2,200,000; Isabella of Spain, 1,800,000; Leopold of Belgium, \$500,000; and President Cleveland, \$50,000. — *Journal of Education*.

## MONKEYS IN RED CAPS.

There are no animals about which so many stories have been told as the monkey. Most of the stories are based on the monkey's power of imitation. A Spanish mule-driver once invested his scant earnings, purchasing a number of red woven caps which form the crown of the turban worn throughout Turkey and Africa, and set out to make his fortune in the interior. He started before sunrise, and, when the heat of the day came on, lay down to sleep beneath a tree in a wood. Taking off his hat he opened his valise, and, putting on a red cap, was soon asleep. When the sun was low in the horizon he awoke, and to his horror, saw the trees filled with monkeys in red caps. They had seen the Spaniard put on the red cap before going to sleep, and followed his example. The poor Spaniard, with all the gesticulation peculiar to his country, cursed his hard fate, stamped his foot in anger and tore off his red cap and threw it on the ground, when — blessed and unexpected result — all the monkeys followed his example. He picked up his caps and moved on.

## A CANARY'S FOUR NOTES.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last named note that the American birds fail. They cannot hold it. Another difference between the two is that German canaries are night singers — they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness. — *Detroit Free Press*.

A ST. BERNARD dog who lives near Boston, proves a great solace to a widow to whom he does not belong. Dogs usually confine their care to their own household, but this one, recognizing the unprotected state of the widow, who lives alone, extends his services to her house. She is afraid of tramps who pass her house on the way to Boston. The farmer who owns the dog, therefore, when he sees a suspicious character coming up the road, says to his dog:

"Jack, go over to Mrs. H's and sit on her piazza till the tramp gets by."

Whereupon the dog runs over to Mrs. H's, posts himself at the door, and if the tramp comes up the walk steps forward and growls at him. As the dog is a big one and rather forbidding, though he has never been known to bite any one, the tramp, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, remembers that it is getting late and that he hasn't any time to fool away along the road. When he is well out of sight the dog returns home.

The dog carries his gallantry to the same lady to such an extent that when she is visiting his master's house of an evening, he always accompanies her home to the door of her house. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

SPENCER tells us that only sleep and laughter rest the brain. On this theory, sermonizers and humorists must be the world's greatest benefactors.



**NASBY ON SOCIALISM.**—I hate a capitalist, no matter how he becom one. I hate the mean-spirited, grovelin retch wich will work ten or more hours a day, deprivin hisself uv beer, terbacker, and cards, and bilyards, and hos racing, and sich, savin peny by peny til he hez ground enough out of the world to have a shop uv his own, and to employ other men to slave fur him and thus go on accumulatin til he owns things. Such men are monopolists, and the enemies of labor, and grinders.

#### MAY BE WORTH \$1,000 TO YOU.

The secret of being always entertaining in conversation is so simple that it is astonishing so few people know it. The rule is, always to talk about the personal interest of the one you are talking with. He will save you the trouble of saying much, and will leave you finally with a remarkably good opinion of your powers as an entertainer.

We recollect reading of a prominent public man who talked several hours to a deaf and dumb gentlemen seated by his side in a railway car, and on leaving, expressed to a friend his great satisfaction at having met so intelligent a companion. — **EDITOR.**

Two New Yorkers alighted from a street-car at the Grand Central, the other day, and one said to the other:

"That was a beautiful girl who got in last, wasn't she?"

"Yes; she's a stranger in the city."

"How do you know?"

"She said 'thank you' to the man who gave her a seat."—*Life.*

**WIFE**—"I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk." **Husband**—"Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself."

#### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

##### President,

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

##### Vice-Presidents,

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

##### Directors.

George T. Angell, Miss Florence Lyman, Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Percival L. Everett, George Noyes, J. Murray Forbes, Augustus Hemenway, Dr. D. D. Slade, Daniel Needham, Benjamin P. Ware, Russell Sturge, Jr., Henry B. Hill, David Nevins, Henry S. Russell, J. Boyle O'Reilly, Charles F. Donnelly, William H. Baldwin, Nathan Appleton, Mrs. Henry K. Horton, G. J. F. Bryant, Mrs. R. T. Paine, Samuel E. Sawyer, Miss Alice Russell.

##### Treasurer,—Charles Fairchild.

##### Secretary,—Joseph L. Stevens.

**Finance Committee.**—J. Murray Forbes, George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Daniel Needham.

**Committee on Legislation, Transportation and Slaughtering.**—Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. William Appleton, J. Murray Forbes, Augustus Hemenway, Henry B. Hill, Miss Florence Lyman, Dr. D. D. Slade.

**On Officers and Prosecutions.**—Samuel E. Sawyer, Henry B. Hill, George Noyes, Benjamin P. Ware.

**On Humane Education, Publications and Prizes.**—George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly.

**Trustees of Permanent Fund.**—Samuel E. Sawyer, Samuel C. Cobb, George T. Angell.

**Auditors.**—Samuel E. Sawyer, William H. Baldwin.

**Counselor.**—William Minot, Jr.

**Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices.**—Charles A. Currier, Thomas Langlan, Lemuel B. Burrill.

**Clerk at Society's Office.**—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

"DEBTS of honor" are those that would have left the debtors more honorable if they had never been contracted. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

#### Cases Reported at Office in June.

For beating, 26; over-working and over-loading, 13; over-driving, 4; driving when lame or galled, 54; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 3; torturing, 13; driving when diseased, 4; cruelty transporting, 2; general cruelty, 44.

Total, 163.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 43; warnings issued, 57; not found, 7; not substantiated, 36; anonymous, 7; prosecuted 13; convicted, 7; pending 2; (Nos. 440, 459); 2 cases pending in May disposed of by conviction.

Animals taken from work, 29; horses and other animals killed, 67.

#### Receipts at the Society's Offices in June.

##### FINES.

From Police Courts.—Springfield (2 cases), \$25; Chelsea, \$5; Lawrence, \$5.

District Courts.—Webster, \$5; Northampton (2 cases), \$8; Concord (4 cases), \$16.

Municipal Court.—Boston (3 cases), \$25.

Witness' Fees, \$14.50.

Total, \$103.50.

##### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss C. M. Lamson, \$50; W. Amory, \$50; Stephen G. Debliss, \$20; Mrs. F. Worcester, \$10; Geo. O. Kingsbury, \$1.50.

##### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

W. H. Pearson, Mrs. Geo. D. Oxnard, Miss A. G. Tappan, Mrs. Whitmore, Geo. W. Tapley, J. C. Lutz, A. C. Houghton, J. Bracewell, W. L. Brown, L. L. Brown, American Zylonite Co.

##### THREE DOLLARS EACH.

Joseph White, E. S. Wilkinson, Geo. M. Mowbray, Homer Foot.

##### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Miss E. B. Hilles, J. R. Cortell, J. K. Coomes, G. W. Dolan, Clapp & Dudley, Miss Fanny Burlingame, A. Potter, Anonymous.

##### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Wm. K. Spring, Arthur Reed, Georgiana Kendall, Anonymous, Mrs. A. L. Motte, M. Irving Motte, Dr. E. C. McDonald, F. E. Mole, A. S. Harrington, J. B. Richmond, N. H. Bixby, Jenks & Legate, M. J. Holden, F. Mather, Chas. C. Cole, A. E. Hall, W. G. Cady, S. H. Fairfield, W. J. Wilkinson, V. A. Whitaker, D. J. Barber, J. A. Mayor, W. W. Freeman, H. T. Cady, W. C. E. Ames, Gleason Brothers, C. H. Cutting, M. V. N. Braman, A. B. Wright, Henry Robinson, W. H. Gaylord, W. H. Sperry, Joseph Ryan, J. H. Adams, LaFortune & Gelincau, Geo. M. Darby, T. W. Richmond, Bartlett Brothers, A. W. Hodge, H. W. Clark & Co., Frank C. Richardson, F. W. Welsby, W. S. Carr, M.D., E. E. Flagg, Mrs. E. D. Metcalf, M. A. Brooks & Co., H. A. Tower, Mrs. A. F. Luther, M. D. Fero, L. W. White, C. E. Seymour, G. W. Averill, N. L. Millard, A. W. Allen, Gunning & Sullivan, Joh Darnley, A. S. McClen, Colonel Buffington, F. B. Wilder, T. L. Haynes, Broadhurst Brothers, F. S. Bailey, Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., T. S. Stewart, M. D. Fletcher, W. P. Draper, M. F. Robinson, C. H. & E. E. Childs, J. S. McIntire, J. S. March & Co., L. S. Stone.

Total, \$285.50

##### MISSIONARY FUND.

A Friend, \$100; First Grammar Department Band of Mercy, West Chester, Pa. Schools, \$3; Members Dorchester Band of Mercy, \$2.

Total, \$105.

##### SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$3; Miss E. B. Hilles, \$3; H. F. Jenks, \$2; Annie F. Carlton, \$2; Mrs. Libby L. Lewis, \$2; Mrs. Francis Alexander, \$1.50; Mrs. N. P. Willis, \$1.50.

##### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. Mary S. Whiton, Mrs. Almon Twiss, Miss S. H. Palfrey, Luther Magoun, Mrs. Sarah Hoopes, Mrs. C. E. Kirkpatrick, Miss Mary R. Baxter.

##### FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss Mary J. Bean, Miss L. C. Ware, Mrs. Thomas Mann, Mrs. Chas. Chadbourne, Mrs. F. T. Gray, Mrs. R. C. Hall, Miss C. F. Orne, H. G. Preston, Chapin & Tarbell, D. J. Negland, O. W. Adams, Philas Charron, A. A. Lee, H. G. Preston, Richmond & Johnson, O'Brien & Ripley, J. F. C. Simpson.

Total, \$30.50.

##### PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

Georgia Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$20; J. T. Stubbs, \$5; Mobile Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$8; Hon. Rufus Dane, \$1. All others in sums of less than Four Dollars Each, \$57.42 Total, \$94.42.

Interest, \$117.40.

Total receipts, \$1,036.32.

THE secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes. — **DISRAELI.**

#### Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.

Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.

Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.

Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Providence, R. I. Seventeenth Annual Report of the Rhode Island Society P. C. A., for 1886. Cincinnati, Ohio. Fourteenth Annual Report of the Ohio State Society P. C. A., for year ending Jan. 15, 1887.

Brunswick, Germany. Fifth Annual Report of the Brunswick S. P. A., for 1886.

Riga, Russia. Annual Report of the Livonian S. P. A., for 1886.

The Hague. Annual Report of the Netherland S. P. A., for 1886.

#### PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at the annexed cost prices, free of postage:

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell. Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; One hundred, 25 cents, post paid. "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or \$2.00 per 100

"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by Geo. T. Angell,	.50 "
"The Check Rein," by Geo. T. Angell,	.60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	1.00 "
"Selections from Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.,	.65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
Fifty-two "Band of Mercy" Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole,	
"Band of Mercy Register," 8 cents.	
"Band of Mercy Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.	

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

### MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

#### TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk Street, cor. Hawley, Boston.

#### RATES OF SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - -	\$100.00	Associate Annual, - - -	\$5.00
Associate Life, - - -	50.00	Children's, - - -	1.00
Active Annual, - - -	10.00	Branch, - - -	1.00

All members receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

#### OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

**GODDARD BUILDING, 19 MILK ST.**  
Corner Hawley Street, Boston.

P. H. FOSTER & Co., Printers, 30 Oliver Street, Boston.

at  
S  
S.  
nd  
40  
lly  
red  
ce.  
be  
or.  
00  
00  
00  
and  
ST.